

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

G.I. COMBAT

APRIL No.5

10¢

HELL BREAKS
LOOSE ON
SUICIDE HILL

VINDICATED
UNDER FIRE

GLAMOR GUYS
OF HELL

DEATH OF
A COWARD





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

G.I. COMBAT

THIS STORY COMES OUT OF THE MAELSTROM OF SCREAMING BOMBARDMENT AND CLATTERING MACHINE-GUN FIRE! IT IS A TALE OF COURAGE RARELY SEEN! FOR, THOUGH BRAVERY IS EVERYWHERE IN G.I. COMBAT, THERE IS A SPECIAL TYPE OF GALLANTRY THAT RATES WRITING ABOUT! IT IS WRITTEN IN BLOOD, AND SOME TEARS, FOR IT IS THE STORY OF A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, A MAN WHO FACED THE HELL OF MENTAL TORTURE, AND WHO WAS FINALLY....

WINDICATED *under* FIRE

PLEASE, LIEUTENANT,
LET ME GO! MY SON IS
IN THAT PATROL!

NOTHING DOING! I WOULDN'T
RISK THE CHANCE THAT YOU
MIGHT BETRAY THEM TO THE
REDS-- YOU ROTTEN
TRAITOR!



KOREA--
THE JUMPING
OFF PLACE!
HERE THE MEN
OF FIRST
PLATOON,
C COMPANY,
WAIT FOR THE
ATTACK SIG-
NAL--AND AS
THEY WAIT
THEY TALK!
WHEN YOU
TALK, YOU
FORGET
TO BE
AFRAID...

MORTAR'S DROPPIN'
MIGHTY CLOSE!
DANNY, YOU'RE A
CHUMP! WITH YORE
TRAININ' YUH COULD'VE
GOT YORESELF A
SAFE JOB AS
MAP-MAKER BE-
HIND THE LINES!

I LIKE IT
WHERE I AM,
TOTE! THIS
WAY I GET MY
CHANCE AT
KNOCKING
OFF MY SHARE
OF REDS!



HOW COME
YOU HATE THE
REDS LIKE
YOU DO,
KID?

DON'T
YOU
HATE
THEM,
COLUCCI?

SURE HE DOES!
THEY'RE THE
ENEMY, AIN'T
THEY? BUT
YORE HATE JEST
AIN'T NACHERAL!
JEST WHY IS
IT, KID?



ONCE I HAD A FATHER, MORE
OF A PAL THAN A FATHER!
ON SUNDAYS WE'D GO FISH-
ING, OR MAYBE TAKE OUT
OUR BIKES! WE WERE
ALWAYS TOGETHER! THAT'S
THE WAY IT WAS WITH US...



WHEN THE REDS STARTED
THIS THING, HE WAS RECALLED
TO SERVICE! HE--HE NEVER
CAME BACK! THE REDS GOT
HIM! THAT'S WHY I QUIT
SCHOOL TO
ENLIST! I'VE
GOT A SCORE
TO EVEN!



YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR
CHANCE NOW, DANNY!
THE LOOTENINT IS GIVIN'
US THE GREEN
LIGHT!



COME ON! WHAT DO YOU GUYS
WANT? ENGRAVED
INVITATIONS? YOU'RE
ALL INVITED TO
THIS PARTY!



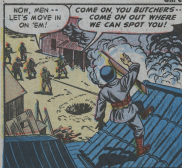
ENEMY GUNS
OPEN UP AND
EVERYWHERE
THERE ARE
BURSTING
SHELLS SEAR-
ING THE AIR
WITH
SHATTERING,
JAGGED-EDGED
FRAGMENTS!
BUT THE
LONG
LINE OF MEN
MOVES
ON...





THE LINE MOVES ON! IN WAR COMPANIONSHIP IS TEMPORARY! FRIENDSHIPS CAN BE SEVERED BY A BULLET! ONLY DEATH IS PERMANENT!





LEUTENANT, I WANT YOU TO CALL MILITARY INTELLIGENCE! TELL THEM EX-MAJOR CHARLES COPELY WANTS TO VOLUNTEER INFORMATION! UNDER THE ARTICLES OF WAR YOU CAN'T REFUSE!

RADIOMAN, GET G-2! TELL THEM WE'VE GOT A BENEDICT ARNOLD WHO WANTS TO TALK!

YES SIR!

WHY IT'S--
DANNY!
DANNY!

DAD!



HELLO, SON! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME! YOU'RE A MAN NOW! IT SEEMS STRANGE TO SEE MY SON... GROWN UP... IN UNIFORM!

IT'S AN AMERICAN UNIFORM! NOT LIKE THE ROTTEN ONE YOU'RE WEARING!

SO THIS IS WHAT YUH MEANT WHEN YUH SAID THE REDS GOT YORE DAD!

YEAH! HE DESERTED AND WENT OVER TO THEIR SIDE! HE LEFT A NOTE SAYING HE WAS GOING TO WORK FOR THEM!

I WAS SOON DISILLUSIONED ABOUT COMMUNISM! AFTERWARD I VOLUNTEERED TO FIGHT WITH THE KOREAN REDS, BUT ONLY SO I COULD SNEAK BACK TO THE AMERICAN LINES! I SWEAR I DIDN'T KILL ONE AMERICAN SOLDIER -- I MADE SURE MY SHOTS MISSED!



YOU BELIEVE ME, DON'T YOU, SON!

I CAN'T BE SURE! LYING IS A TYPICAL COMMIE TRICK! YOU COULD BE JUST TRYING TO SAVE YOUR OWN SKIN!

HAVE I SUNK SO LOW IN YOUR ESTIMATION, SON?

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? YOU BROKE MOTHER'S HEART! YOU RAN OUT ON YOUR FAMILY AND YOUR COUNTRY! THAT'S AS LOW AS A MAN CAN GO!



SIR, THIS COPELY GUY MUST BE AN IMPORTANT PRISONER! G-2 IS FLYING TOP BRASS UP HERE TO TALK TO THE GUY!

HMM! THAT IS UNUSUAL!

SUDDENLY, THE WARNING WHINE OF A BIG SHELL AND EXPLODING GEYSERS OF EARTH AND SHRAPNEL RAIN DOWN ON THE AREA!

WOW! WHERE THE HECK DID THAT COME FROM?

THE REDS UP ON THE HILL, SIR! THEY MUST HAVE A BIG GUN UP THERE!



WE CAN'T STAY HERE LIKE SITTING DUCKS! WE'VE GOT TO KNOCK OUT THAT GUN! I'LL NEED A PATROL FOR THE JOB! ANY VOLUNTEERS?

I'LL GO, SIR!

COUNT ME IN, SIR!

AND ME, SIR! MAYBE I CAN WIPE OFF SOME OF THE MUD ON THE COPELY NAME!

OKAY, DANNY!

DO ME A FAVOR, LIEUTENANT! LET ME GO, TOO --- PLEASE! I'D LIKE TO BE ALONGSIDE MY SON! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

REQUEST DENIED! THOSE MEN ARE TAKING A BIG ENOUGH CHANCE AS IT IS! I COULDN'T RISK YOUR BETRAYING THEM TO THE REDS!



THIS IS A SUICIDE PATROL! EIGHT MEN, EIGHT FIGHTERS FOR DEMOCRACY, EIGHT MEN WILLING TO DIE, TO PRESERVE A WAY OF LIFE!

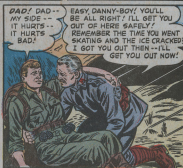
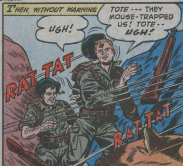
LORD, WATCH OVER MY SON! KEEP HIM SAFE!



REGARD! AMERICAN PATROL CLIMBING UP SLOPE!

THE FOOLS! LET THEM COME WITHIN FIRING DISTANCE, THEN CUT THEM DOWN! MACHINE-GUNNER --- TAKE YOUR POSITION!





LOOK AT THAT MAN SCOOT! NOT ONE O' THEM SLUGS HAS HIT HIM YET! HE'S GONNA MAKE IT!

I GUESS THERE'S STILL A MIRACLE OR TWO LAYING AROUND THAT HASN'T BEEN USED AS YET!



GOSH, DAD, I...

RELAX, DANNY-BOY! JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO YOUR OLD DAD! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BORROW YOUR HAND GRENADES!



JUST IN CASE I DON'T MAKE IT BACK, SON ... TELL YOUR MOTHER I'VE NEVER STOPPED LOVING HER!

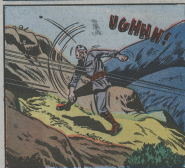
DAD! WAIT... DAD!



FOR SOME MEN, HEROISM IS NOT TO BE WRITTEN ABOUT OR TALKED OF! IT IS DONE!



AGGH! HIT! OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK! AND SO NEAR-- SO NEAR! MAYBE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE -- MAYBE --



COME ON, KICK 'EM
OFF THAT HILL!
IT'S EVERY MAN
FOR HIMSELF!



YOU MEDICS! GET
THIS KID BELOW!
SNAP IT UP!

DAD...
DAD...



MUCH LATER...

DANNY, THIS
IS MAJOR
BENSON OF
MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE!

SO YOU'RE
COPELY'S BOY!
GLAD TO KNOW
YOU MY BOY!
YOUR FATHER
WAS A GREAT
AMERICAN!

YOU SEE, MY BOY, MILITARY
INTELLIGENCE NEEDED A MAN
WHO WOULD PRETEND TO
BE A TRAITOR SO HE
COULD DO UNDERCOVER
WORK FOR THE
UNITED STATES!
YOUR FATHER
VOLUNTEERED!

MY
DAD...
WITH
G-2?
I DIDN'T
KNOW!

IT HAD TO BE KEPT A SECRET, EVEN
FROM HIS OWN FAMILY! IT MEANT
ACCEPTING THE CONTEMPT OF
HIS WIFE, HIS SON, EVERYONE!

BUT, LIKE A GOOD SOLDIER,
YOUR FATHER
DID HIS
ASSIGNMENT
WELL, FOR
YEARS...UNTIL
LAST WEEK...



YOUR FATHER LEARNED HE HAD AN IN-
CURABLE DISEASE! THEN HE TRIED TO
GET BACK TO THE
AMERICAN LINES! HE
WANTED TO COME HOME
SO HE COULD DIE UNDER
THE AMERICAN FLAG!

*HOMAGE
IS DUE
THIS
MAN!
HE
DIED
IN
THE
PERFORM-
ANCE OF
HIS
DUTY!
NO MAN
CAN
DO
MORE
FOR
HIS
COUNTRY!*

WELL, DAD -- YOU GOT
YOUR WISH! THAT'S
AN AMERICAN FLAG
FLYING OVER YOU --
AND IT NEVER LOOKED
BETTER! IT WILL
ALWAYS BE THAT WAY,
AS LONG AS THERE
ARE MEN LIKE
YOU!



G.I. COMBAT

PFC. MITCH SLOCUM THOUGHT IT VERY UNJUST! HERE HE WAS, TIRED, DIRTY FROM MUDDY FOXHOLES-- WHILE THE AIR FORCE HOTSHOTS WERE BREEZING AROUND UP IN THE CLEAN CLOUDS! SO HE THOUGHT! AND SO, WHEN HE GOT THE CHANCE TO SAMPLE THE BATTLE-LIFE OF THE FLY-BOYS, HE ACCEPTED GLADLY! ONLY AFTERWARD DID THE SOLDIER LEARN THE TRUTH THE HARD WAY --- THAT THE SKY-GUYS WERE REALLY...

GLAMOUR GUYS of HELL



GRIPPING IS COMMON AMONG THE INFANTRY, BUT PFC. MITCH SLOCUM, HE'S GOT A SPECIAL KIND..



ASH! THOSE SKY GUYS GIMME A PAIN! THEY GOT IT EASY.

WHAT'S EATIN' YOU? THEY GOT A JOB TO DO, AN' THEY DO IT.

BUT NOT THE WAY WE HAFTA. DO THEY HAFTA STICK IN A MUDDY FOX-HOLE? LIKE HECK THEY DO! THEY'RE UP IN THE SKY RIDIN' HIGH, LIKE BIRDS!



WE HAFTA SLOG THROUGH MUD, CRAWL ON OUR BELLIES OVER ROCKS, RUN WITH PACKS ON OUR BACKS ... AN' WE DO ALL THIS WHILE BULLETS AND SHRAPNEL ARE KICKIN' AND MOANIN' ALL AROUND US!

AN' AFTER IT'S ALL OVER, WHO GETS THEIR NAMES IN THE PAPERS? NOT THE DOG-FACES! NO-- THE FLY-BOYS, THE GLAMOUR-GUYS THEY GET ALL THE GLORY! AN' ALL THEY DID WAS GO OUT FOR A LITTLE

SKY-RIDE! IT AIN'T FAIR-- IT JUST AIN'T FAIR!

WANT TO KNOW SOMETHIN, MITCH? -- I YOU'RE NUTS!

OKAY, LUGS! LET'S SHOW THOSE REDS WE'RE STILL IN BUSINESS!

BAROOM

EVER SEE ONE O' THEM SKY-BOYS GO THROUGH ANYTHIN' LIKE THIS?

OH, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD! CHANGE THE RECORD!

WE DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK, AN' THEY TAKE ALL THE CREDIT!

CRIPES! WILL YOU SHADDUP!

UHH! I'M HIT PETE-- MY SIDE--

I SEE THE RED WHO THREW THE SLUG!

SEE? AIN'T THIS PROOF! WE TAKE THE SLUGS, THEY TAKE THE GLORY!

MITCH, YOU GOT A ONE-TRACK MIND!

MITCH WAS SHIPPED TO A BASE HOSPITAL, BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE ONLY ANOTHER BASE FOR MITCH'S PET GRIPE EVERYONE LISTENED! THEY COULDN'T HELP IT!-- THEY WERE STUCK IN THEIR BEDS!

..LIKE I BEEN TELLIN' YOU, THE GLORY GUYS DON'T DO THE FIGHT- IN'! IT'S THE INFANTRY!

MITCH, MAYBE I SHOULD'VE MENTIONED IT BEFORE, BUT I HAPPEN TO BE A FLY-BOY-- PILOT ON A BOMBER!

YEAH-- AN' THAT PROVES JUST WHAT I SAID! YOU'RE ONLY HERE BECAUSE OF A BUSTED APPENDIX! THEY DIDN'T HAFTA TAKE A SLUG OUTA YOU!

SO YOU THINK THE AIR FORCE IS JUST A TEA PARTY, EH? TELL YOU WHAT, MITCH-- WHEN WE GET OUT OF HERE I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU ON A BOMBING RUN SO YOU CAN SEE WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE!



THAT'S A DEAL, CARTER-- AN' IF I'M WRONG, I'LL--
I'LL EAT MY HAT! --
HAT! AND I'LL SUPPLY THE SALT AND PEPPER!

SO MANY DAYS LATER, MITCH WAS GRANTED PERMISSION TO ACCOMPANY LIEUTENANT CARTER ON A BOMBING MISSION!

THE CREW, MITCH! MEN, THIS IS THE GUY WHO THINKS WE HAVE A SOFT TOUCH!

SOFT TOUCH-- JUST LIKE A HIT N' THE HEAD!

SURE, ALL WE DO IS GO FOR A JOYRIDE!

SOMETIME WE KNOCK OFF DUCKS FOR DINNER!

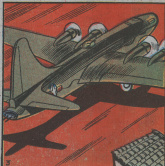


GET IN, MITCH! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

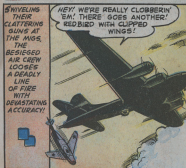
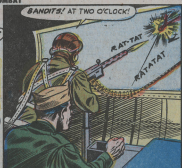


CRIPES! THIS PLACE IS LIKE THE SUBWAY! NOT MUCH ROOM TO MOVE AROUND IN.

WITH A DEEP-THROATED ROAR OF HER MOTORS, THE BOMBER THUNDERS SKYWARD --FOR A RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY!



THE NEXT MOMENTS WERE A KALAIDSCOPE OF CRAZY MOMENTS WHEN THE BOMBER TILTED AND BUCKED, MISSING TREE TOPS BY SCANT INCHES...



WELL, SOLDIER? ANH... THAT'S STILL THINK WE'VE GOT A SOFT TOUCH?

PROBABLY MORE ACTION THAN YOU GUYS HAVE SEEN FOR MONTHS! THIS IS KID STUFF FOR THE INFANTRY!



SUDDENLY....

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'? THIS THING IS BUCKIN LIKE A BRONCO!



BURSTING FLAK ERUPTS NEAR AS THE BOMBER JOLTS THROUGH -- LIKE A GREAT BIRD BRACKETED BY COLOSSAL SHOT-GUN FIRE!



BOMB BAYS OPEN! BOMBS AWAY!

ON TARGET! THE VERY EARTH SEEMS TO CRACK OPEN AS THE GROUND IS TORN BY THE TREMENDOUS CONCUSSION!



HEY, MITCH! -- HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR TEA PARTY, NOW?

LIEUTENANT! WE BEEN HAD! WE'RE MINUS A WING!

I'LL TAKE HER UP HIGH SO WE CAN BAIL OUT! GET A CHUTE ON THAT SOLDIER!



GOOHH! GULPE Y-YOU SURE THIS CHUTE WILL OPEN UP, OKAY? GULPE



IF IT DOESN'T TAKE IT BACK AND GET A REFUND!

HEY! Gooohh!







WHAT IS COURAGE? WHAT IS IT'S GALT? --IT'S MEASURE-- ON THE BLEAK AND BLOOD-DEENCHED TERRAIN SOME MEN CALL KOREA-- BUT OTHERS CALL HELL? TO SERGEANT SAM TEAPP IT WAS STAYING ON SUICIDE HILL, KILLING UNTIL KILLED! HE WANTED ONLY MEN WHO WERE READY TO DIE WITH HIM-- MEN WHOSE NAMES WERE ALREADY WRITTEN BY FATE ON A RED BULLET! BUT HERE CAME A MAN WHO WAS EXCESS BAGGAGE WHEN...

HELL BREAKS LOOSE ON SUICIDE HILL

ONE MOENING A "WEDGE HORNET", AN UNARMED SPOTTER PLANE, LOCATED THE NORTH KOREAN BUILDUP ON HILL 713-- SOON TO BE KNOWN BITTERLY AS SUICIDE HILL!

ABLE FOX TO JOHN SIX! A GOOD BUILDUP ON 713! THEY'RE ZERCOED IN ON HUNG-NUM PASS! BETTER HIT HARD BEFORE THEY ADVANCE!

ROSE!



AT COMMAND HEADQUARTERS, THE NEWS STARTED A CHAIN REACTION!

WE'VE GOT TO DISLODGE THOSE REDS BEFORE WE START ANY ADVANCE THROUGH HUNG-NUM PASS, MAJOR! RIGHT, ORDER HILL 713 CLEARED!



THE BIG GUNS FAR BEHIND THE LINE OF HUMAN FLESH TOOK UP THE FIRST ROUND OF THE BATTLE WITH A THUNDER THAT SHOOK THE EARTH!

UP TEN! UP TEN! RIGHT ZERO TWO!



G.I. COMBAT

CLOSER TO THE TARGET, THE MORTARS ADD THEIR COUGHING BELCH TO THE DEVIL'S SYMPHONY OF SLAUGHTER!



EVEN THE HEAVENS OPEN TO POUR THE FURY OF ROCKET-FIRE ONTO THE CONSERVING ENEMY!



BEHIND THEM COME THOSE SEARING HORRORS, THE NAPALM BOMBS, TO DRENCH EVERY CRACK AND CREVICE WITH CONSUMING FLAME!



WHILE AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL, THE BATTLE HARDENED BOYS WAIT FOR THE ORDER TO ASSAULT THE OBJECTIVE WITH FLESH AND FURY, WITH HOT LEAD AND COLD STEEL!



AWRIGHT, ON YER FEET, DOGRACE! WE GO UP IN THREE MINUTES!

AW, YOU AIN'T GONNA NEED ME, SARGE! AFTER THAT PASTIN, THERE WON'T BE A GOOK LEFT UP THERE OR A HILL, EITHER!

YEAH? WELL MAYBE YOU BETTER BRING YOUR RIFLE, ANYHOW! WE MIGHT NEED IT TO HANG OUR CLOTHES ON WHILE WE TAKE A COLD SHOWER!

OKAY! YOU TALKED ME INTO IT!



GRINNING WISE-CRACKING, HIDING THE OLD FAMILIAR GUT-GRIP, IN A MASK OF INDIFFERENCE, THEY START UP HILL 713... THE YOUNG AND THE OLD, THE MEN ABOUT TO DIE!



HEY SARGE SEND THE CHOW WAGON AHEAD! IT'LL BE LUNCH TIME WHEN WE GET THERE!

ONWARD SURGES THE U.N. LINE -- WHILE ON THE CREST OF BATTERED HILL 713 -- WHERE THEY SAID NO LIVING THING COULD POSSIBLY HAVE SURVIVED --

FASTER! OPEN FIRE ON CAPITALIST DOGS!





I... TOLD
YUH... SARGE
-- YOU DON'T
NEED
ME!

LIE STILL, FELLA,
UNTIL THE MEDICS
GET UP HERE!

HUNDREDS
OF REDS
DIED IN THE
SCREAMING
INFERNAL
OF THE
SOFTENING
UP BOMB-
BARDIMENT
-- BUT
HUNDREDS
MORE CAME
POURING
FROM DEEP
ROCK
SHELTERS
TO JOIN
SAVAGE
BATTLE!



THE PLACE IS LOUSY WITH THEM!
RADIOMAN! RADIOMAN! TELL
THEM TO GET REINFORCEMENTS
UP HERE ON THE DOUBLE!



ABLE FOUR TO
FOX ONE!
GIVE US...
ARGHH!

SERGEANT TRAPP HAD LED HIS SQUAD TO A ROCKY EMINENCE,
JUTTING FROM THE FAR RIM OF THE HILL!

MAN, THESE GOKKS HAVE A REGULAR
BOMB SHELTER OUT HERE! LET'S
DISPOSSESS THEM AND MOVE IN!

THIS ONE AIN'T GONNA MAKE
NO FUSS ABOUT IT, SARGE!
SET 'EM UP IN THE NEXT ALLEY!



A SHORT SAVAGE BATTLE WITH-
OUT QUARTER AND THE AMER-
ICANS ARE IN FULL CONTROL
OF THE ROCK-EMINENT CUP!

IT'S ALLOWES TELL THE LAND-
LORD COMES FOR THE RENT!
YOU, HANSON, SCRAMBLE UP
AND SEE HOW THE REST OF
THE OUTFITS
DOING!

RIGHT,
SARGE!

DEPRIVED OF RADIO
COMMUNIC-
ATIONS, THE
ASSAULT
FORCE
DASHED
ITSELF
TO BITS
AGAINST
THE SOLID-
LY EN-
TRENCHED
RED POS-
ITIONS ONLY
TO BE
DRIVEN
BACK
DOWN THE
BLOOD-
DRENCHED
HILLSIDE!



SARGE, THEY'VE
GIVEN THE OUTFIT
OFF THE HILL!
W-WE'RE STUCK
UP HERE ALL
BY OUR LONE-
SOME -- EX-
CEPT FOR A
FEW HUNDRED
REDS!



BEAVE HOOPS-- BUT THE RAW, BRUTAL TRUTH OF THEIR PREDICAMENT WAS CLEAR IN EVERY MIND!

WE'D BE SITTING DUCKS IF WE TRIED TO RUN DOWN THAT HILL TO REJOIN THE OUTFIT, SO I GUESS WE STAY HERE!

AND IF WE STICK OUR HEADS UP THEY'RE LAYIN' FOR US WITH THAT SQUET-SUN! ANYBODY GOT A PACK OF CARDS?



THE AFTERNOON WORE ON WITH DRAGGING SLOWNESS! A U.N. EFFORT TO RESCUE THE MAROONED SQUAD WAS REPULSED!

WE FINALLY FIGURED OUT HOW THIS RED MACHINE GUN OPERATES! NOW ALL WE NEED IS A TARGET!

STICK YOUR HEAD UP, SARGE --OR WAIT FOR NIGHT! THEY'LL BE SWARMING ON US THEN!



THAT NIGHT HILL 713 BECAME SURGE HILL AS THE HOWLING REDS TRIED AGAIN AND AGAIN TO CAPTURE THEIR VITAL OUTPOST FROM THE GALLANT HANDFUL!

SARGE, I GOT A FEELING WE AIN'T WELCOME UP HERE!

AW, NOW WHAT GIVES YUH AN IDEA LIKE THAT, CARGE? LOOK AT THE RECEPTION WE'RE GETTIN' -- WITH FIREWORKS YET!



ALL KIDDING ASIDE, GANG, YOU KNOW THE SCORE HERE: EVENTUALLY OUR OUTFIT WILL TAKE THE HILL BUT BLAME REW OF US WILL BE HERE TO SEE IT!

SO WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER, ANYHOW! I'M THANKFUL IT AIN'T MUDDY UP HERE!



IT WAS SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN WHEN THEY HEARD THE VOICE --

SSSSST! HOLD FIRE UP THERE! I'M COMING IN! THIS IS CAPTAIN ANDERS!

WH--? COME AHEAD, CAPN, BUT YOU'RE COVERED! NO TRICKS!



WHAT'S THE IDEA--? HELPS I MEAN SIR!

AS YOU WERE! THIS IS NO TIME OR PLACE FOR FORMALITIES! A BULLET DOESN'T ASK FOR RANK BEFORE IT STRIKES!



OKAY! THEN WILL YOU KINDLY TELL ME WHAT IN THE LEAPIN' BLAZES YOU'RE DOING UP HERE ALL ALONE -- WITHOUT EVEN A PISTOL?

GLADLY! I SAW THE PREDICAMENT YOU MEN ARE IN UP HERE AND I FELT THAT YOU NEEDED MY KIND OF SUPPORT THROUGH THE STRUGGLE!



WHAT TH--?
A SKY PILOT?
A HOLY JOE!

CHAPLAIN IS THE
PREFERRED TERM,
SERGEANT, BUT I'M
NO STICKLER FOR
RULES! CALL ME WHAT
YOU WISH; I AM
CAPTAIN ANDERS!

I BRING TWO MESSAGES!
YOUR COMMAND WILL MAKE
EVERY EFFORT TO RELIEVE
YOU AT DAWN, BUT THEY'RE
AFRAID TO USE ARTILLERY
BECAUSE OF YOUR
POSITION HERE!

MY OTHER MESSAGE COMES
FROM A HIGHER
COMMAND, A MESS-
AGE OF HOPE
AND COMFORT
TO MEN FACING
ETERNITY...

HERE
THEY
COME
AGAIN!

IN THE BRIEF, TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER, SEVERAL MEN
FOUND THE BULLETS THAT BORE THEIR NAMES!

GET DOWN! WE'LL DO
THE SHOOTING! YOU
STICK TO YOUR
PRAYING!

HUMAN FREEDOM IS EVERY
MAN'S JOB, SERGEANT!
A BULLET CAN BE A
PRAYER IF ITS AIMED
IN THE CAUSE OF
RIGHT!

THEN IT WAS OVER--THE FIGHTING AND THE
FEARING-- BUT THE DEEDS WOULD COME
AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL DRIVEN OFF
THE HILL!

I GOT ENOUGH RESPONSIBILITY
WITHOUT KEEPING AN EYE
ON A NON-COMBATANT!
NEXT TIME YOU STICK
TO YOUR PRAYERS!

I'M PRAYING,
SERGEANT--
PRAYING FOR
ENOUGH MEN
AND GUNS SO
BOYS LIKE THIS
DON'T HAVE TO
BE SENT ON A
FINAL JOURNEY!

WHY DIDN'T
THEY SEND
ME SOME
THEN, IN-
STEAD OF
SENDING
YOU?

NO ONE SENT ME,
SERGEANT! I'D RATHER
NOT PULL RANK, BUT
I INTEND TO REMAIN
HERE AS ONE OF YOU
TO WHATEVER END IVE
FACE! NOW IF YOU
WILL EXCUSE ME--

I'LL TAKE OVER, SON! AS A
MEDICAL MISSIONARY, I WAS
TRAINED FOR THIS SORT
OF WORK!

THANKS, REVEREND! I
GUESS I'M HANDIER
WITH A BAYONET!

WHAT YOU GOT AGAINST THE REVEREND GAESE? HE DIDN'T HAVE TO CLIMB UP HERE UNARMED. JUST TO DIE WITH A GANG OF ROUGHNECKS!

THAT'S JUST IT! I'VE GOT NOTHIN' AGAINST HIM PETE EXCEPT THAT HE DON'T BELONG HERE! YOU KNOW HOW THIS'LL END FOR US...

OUT THERE IS A BULLET FOR EVERY ONE OF US! IT'S GOT OUR NAME ON IT! BUT THERE'S NO BULLET FOR A HOLY JOE! IT AIN'T RIGHT HE SHOULD BE HERE!

MAYBE! BUT A LOT OF US FEEL GLAD HE CAME JUST THE SAME!

...I COMMEND THE SOUL OF THIS BRAVE YOUNG NAZIEBO WHO GAVE HIS LIFE THAT FREEDOM NIGHT. LIVE!

HEY! HEY! OF ALL THE DUMB STUPID...

GET THAT HELMET BACK ON! JUST BECAUSE YUH HAD ROCKS IN THE HEAD TO COME UP HERE DOESN'T MEAN YOU GOTTA ASK FOR HOLES, TOO!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT! IT SEEMED ONLY NATURAL TO BARE MY HEAD...

IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE BARS, I'D... .. I'D...

IF WE SURVIVE, YOU'RE WEL-COME TO TRY-- BUT I WARN YOU, I WAS GOLDEN GLOVES CHAMP NOT TOO LONG AGO!

AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE FAR SIDE OF SUICIDE HILL--

HURRY! MUST DISLODGE U.N. WARHOGS AND RETAKE PLACEMENT BEFORE NEXT ATTACK!

IM TRYING TO KEEP YOU FROM GETTING KILLED! I GOT ENOUGH ON MY CONSCIENCE AS IT IS!

THE FIRST WARNING SERGEANT TRAPPE MEN HAD WAS THE UNMISTAKABLE COUGH OF THE MORTAR!

PUH CHOOOWW

DUCK! DUCK! THEY GOT A MORTAR SET UP!

TUMBLING, CATCHING THE FAINT SUNLIGHT OF MORNING, THE MORTAR SHELL WAS FLAMEY VISIBLE AS IT ARCHED TOWARD THE ROCKY CLIP!

THIS IS IT! REVEREND, SAY THE WORDS QUICK! WE'RE GONNA NEED 'EM!



G.I. COMBAT

INTO THY HANDS
I COMMEND THE
SOULS OF THESE
BRAVE YOUNG
MEN--!

I'LL GET
EVERY ONE
OF THOSE
GOKKS!



AND ON THESE CODY CONTRAST-
ING LAST WORDS, A CURTAIN IS
DUNG DOWN--A CURTAIN OF
RAKE, OF TORMENT, OF
UNSFEEKABLE AGONIES---

FEAAAA

BLAMM



AS IF
THAT SHELL
BURST WERE
THE SIGNAL,
THE MASSSED
ASSAULT
ON SUICIDE
HILL IS
OPENED
WITH THE
THUNDER
OF TANKS
GUNS
BELOW!



KEEP MOVING! KEEP
MOVING! GET THOSE
MACHINE GUNS SET
UP FOR COVER FIRE!

MEDIC!
MEDIC!



AND THIS TIME VICTORY WAS ASSURED-- BUT NOT
WITHOUT ITS ANFUL PEICE!

LIEUTENANT, TAKE A SQUAD
AND CHECK THAT OUTPOST!
SEE IF ANY OF TRAPPS'
MEN ARE STILL ALIVE!

NOT MUCH CHANCE
SIR! THAT MORTAR
SHELL MADE A
DIRECT HIT!



LIEUTENANT, COME HERE!
SERGEANT TRAPP IS STILL
ALIVE! THE CHAPLAIN COVERED
HIM WITH HIS OWN BODY SO
HE ONLY GOT PART OF
THE BLAST!

GET HIM OUT!
SEND FOR A
MEDIC,
QUICK!



A HILL IS
TAKEN,
A TINY
VICTORY
WON--
BUT
AFTERWARD
THERE IS
THE GEM
AND
TERRIBLE
AFTER-
MATH OF
VICTORY.
THE JOB
THAT
TEARS
THE
SOULS
OF
MEN!

BETTER KEEP THAT
HELMET ON,
SERGEANT!
WE'RE STILL
UNDER FIRE!

NOT UNTIL I'VE
PAID MY RESPECTS
TO A MAN,
LIEUTENANT! I'M
A LITTLE LATE
DOING IT, BUT I'VE
GOT A HUNCH HE
UNDERSTANDS!



BIRD OF EVIL

HACKETT saw the MIG first and died with the yell of warning on his lips. Sergeant Morse, looking up, caught a glimpse of the plane drifting silently toward their mountain shelter and threw himself flat as the machine guns began their chattering storm. He saw Hackett caught and smashed with the yell still forming on his lips. He saw .50 caliber slugs slam and hammer their way across the plateau. Then the MIG's jets thundered again and it shot up and away from the mountain wall beyond, to vanish into the overhanging clouds. In the space of a single breath, the surprise attack was over and Hackett was dead.

Corporal Raines got up from behind a rock, swearing bitterly. "The dirty Red louse. He cut off his jets to sneak up on us. He must have spotted us as easy targets."

"And that's what we are," Sergeant Morse said flatly, as the other five UN troops rose slowly from their shelters. "If he wants to come back again, there's no place we can hide and not much we can do."

There had been eight men trapped on the flat tip of a rocky pinnacle, caught there when a Red counter-attack had driven their comrades back off the mountain. Now there were seven. And if the Red pilot chose to play his deadly game again, there would soon be none. Grimly they laid the body of Hackett behind a rock, each wondering whose body would be next to lie beside it.

"You can't shoot down a MIG with .45s," Private Dolson complained, "and that's all we've got, since we got our machine gun blown up. I wish that skunk had waited a second longer to open his jets. He'd have crashed into those rocks beyond."

The MIG came back around noon, apparently on his way back from refueling. This time they saw him coming, but it did them little good. Again the pilot drifted down on their helplessly exposed position, gave them one savage burst of lead and then swerved away from the rocks to go on with

his prowl. This time two men were hit but none were killed.

"Next time," Raines growled, "he might be luckier."

"Or he might not," Sergeant Morse said thoughtfully. He was staring from a deep crevice up to the higher rocks beyond. "I've got a kind of crazy idea. I used to ride in planes when we flew over rough country in hot weather. Dig up anything you can that'll burn and let's see if we can give our pal a hotfoot."

There were dubious looks as the Sergeant explained his plan, but nobody had a better suggestion. The men scattered, finding branches caught in the rocks, adding paper from their pockets, scraps of clothing, anything that would burn. They were throwing the last scrap down the shallow crevice when they saw the MIG coming back, still far off but heading their way.

Hastily Sergeant Morse lit crumpled paper and dropped it onto the dry brush below, watching it catch and flame up. A moment later the whole mass of pitchy mountain pine had roared into flame. He barely had time to throw himself down as the MIG's guns once more lashed the tiny pinnacle.

Then the bird of evil was above them, above the chimney-like crevice from which black smoke was dancing. Staring up, the men saw flame wink as the jets opened, saw the MIG start to bank away from the rocks ahead.

Then they saw it suddenly lurch, twist and ram itself headon into a wall of granite. With a thunderous explosion it burst apart and fell into the depths below. The men stood up, their faces awed. "It worked," Sergeant Morse whispered, dazed. "My stunt worked."

Then they were crowding around, slapping his back, cheering him. "Worked? It was perfect. He coasted right over the hot air boiling up from the fire and the updraft tossed him exactly where you figured it would—right into the cliff."

Death of a COWARD

THEY SAY A COWARD DIES MANY DEATHS! BUT PRIVATE JIM CREGAR WAS THE KIND WHO HAD TROUBLE DYING EVEN ONCE!

EEAAA!

W-WERE FINISHED! THEY'VE GOT US TREED!

NOT IF YOU GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT ROCK AN' KEEP 'EM FROM CLIMBIN' HIGHER, YOU DIRTY COWARD! USE YOUR GUN, CREGAR! THAT'S WHAT YOU GOT IT FOR!

I...I CAN'T, SARGE! IT'S NOT THE REDS I'M AFRAID OF! IT'S THE HEIGHT! I GET DIZZY!

YOU'RE A LIAR, CREGAR! YOU AIN'T GOT THE GUTS TO COME OUT!

WE GOT YOUR NUMBER, CREGAR! WE KNOW YOU LOST YOUR NERVE! WE KNOW THE WHOLE STORY!

THEN YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND! YOU SHOULD PITY ME...IT'S NOT MY FAULT! IT'S SOMETHING BIGGER THAN ME! I...I CAN'T FIGHT IT! I CAN'T LOOK DOWN!



I...I LOOK DOWN AND IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME... THAT HORRIBLE NIGHT! THE NIGHT I'LL NEVER FORGET! I CAN SEE 'EM NOW!



The CROWDS IN THE TENT LOOKING UP... HOPING THAT I'D FALL TO GIVE 'EM A THRILL, AT THE SAME TIME HOPING THAT I'D STAY UP, BECAUSE FALLING WOULD BE SO HORRIBLE!



I FELT GOOD THAT NIGHT... GREAT, IN FACT! I HAD A NEW STUNT IN MY BAG! A DOUBLE SOMERSAULT BEFORE COMING DOWN ON THE WIRE! IT WOULD SLAY THEM...

YOU'VE GOT THE CROWD WITH YOU, JIM! THEY'RE GASPING LIKE FISH!

CAN YOU BLAME 'EM? THERE'S ONLY ONE CREGAR! NOW I'LL GIVE 'EM THE DOUBLE FLIP!



NO, JIM! PLEASE... NOT YET... YOU HAVEN'T PRACTICED IT ENOUGH! THERE'S NO NET!

SO WHAT? I CAN DO IT NOW! I FEEL IT IN MY BONES! GET OFF THE WIRE, KID! I DON'T WANT 'EM TO SEE ANYTHING BUT THIS DOUBLE FLIP!

I GOT THE SPOTLIGHT ON ME! THE DRUMS WERE BEATING! I GRINNED AT KITTY, MY PARTNER, AND TOOK OFF! UP I WENT IN MY DOUBLE FLIP!

THEN IT HAPPENED! I GOT MY FEET ON THE WIRE... BUT NOT DEAD ON! I TRIED FRANTICALLY TO GET MY BALANCE...



AFTER THIS I CAN NAME MY OWN PRICE! I'LL BE THE BIGGEST DRAW IN THE CIRCUS RACKET!



I FELT! THE CROWD WHIRLED IN FRONT OF ME! I COULD HEAR MYSELF SCREAM! THIS WAS THE END! I KNEW IT!



BUT IT WASN'T THE END! I'D BE BETTER OFF IF IT WAS! BUT THERE WAS A BICYCLE WIRE USED BY SOME CLOWNS... ABOUT TEN FEET FROM THE GROUND! I HIT THE WIRE AND IT BROKE MY FALL...



IT BROKE MORE THAN MY FALL! IT BROKE MY NERVE! I WAS THROUGH! I WAS AFRAID OF HEIGHTS... ANY HEIGHTS!

SKIP THE TEAR-JERKER, CREGAR! EVERYBODY IN KOREA KNOWS YOUR STORY! IT'S BULL! YOU'VE GOT YELLOW GUTS!



YAAA!

EEIII!

WE GOT TWO OF 'EM! THOSE BABIES AREN'T CLIMBIN' ANY HIGHER AN' THEY KNOW IT!



NOW THEY AIN'T CLIMBIN' AT ALL! THEY'RE GOIN' DOWN! TOO HOT FOR YOU LICE, AIN'T IT? POUR IT INTO THEM, GUYS! POUR IT IN!



THAT'S ENOUGH! HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE CAN'T WASTE AMMO! THEY'RE GOING DOWN... ALL OF THEM!

A LOT OF GOOD THAT DOES US/ WE'RE STILL UP HERE... LIKE CREGAR SAYS... TREED! IF WE GO DOWN, WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!



WE, YES! BUT NOT CREGAR! CREGAR WON'T GO DOWN! HE'S STAYIN' UP HERE FOR LIFE! IF CREGAR GOES DOWN, HE'S GOT TO LOOK DOWN... AN' CREGAR CAN'T LOOK DOWN! RIGHT?

SARGE! QUICK! THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHIN'!



THEY'RE BRINGING SOMETHING IN!



EGASP! IT'S DYNAMITE! THEY KNOW WE CAN'T COME DOWN WITH BEIN' WIPED OUT! SO THEY'RE TRYIN' TO BRING US DOWN... WITH DYNAMITE!



AN HOUR LATER...

LOOK AT 'EM WORK THE RATS! BORIN' HOLES IN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN! STUFFIN' 'EM FULL OF DYNAMITE... WHILE WE CAN DO NOTHIN' BUT WAIT FOR THE BIG BLOW!



CAN'T EVEN SEE 'EM ANY MORE! IT'S GETTIN' PITCH BLACK! THAT'S YOUR ARMY! THEY GIVE YOU AN O.P. ON THE TIP OF A PEAK! BUT DO THEY CARE IF YOU EVER COME DOWN? NO!



THE PHONE'S DEAD! THE LICE CUT THE WIRES! WE GOT HUNDREDS OF FEET OF WIRE! ALL IT'S GOOD FOR IS TO HANG OURSELVES WITH!

HOW MANY FEET OF WIRE?



HUNDREDS! WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO US? THEY'LL TOUCH OFF THE DYNAMITE AN' WE'LL GO ROLLIN' INTO THE GORGE IN LITTLE PIECES!

YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR BREATH, SARGE! SIT DOWN! WAIT!



WAIT? WAIT FOR WHAT? THE WHOLE BLASTED MOUNTAIN TO BLOW UP UNDER US? I CAN'T WAIT! I DON'T MIND DYIN'! BUT THIS SITTIN' AROUND, WAITIN', WAITIN'... IT'S DRIVIN' ME NUTS!

I KNOW A WAY OUT, SARGE!



THE REDS FIGURE WE'RE TRAPPED UP HERE... ON THIS SIDE OF THE GORGE! BUT WHAT IF WE GOT TO THE OTHER SIDE?

HOW? THERE'S 25 FEET BETWEEN! WE CAN'T WALK ON AIR!



G.I. COMBAT



OKAY, WE MADE IT! WE'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE! WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW?

I SAY... THANK HEAVEN AN' GO BACK AN' GET THE OTHER GUYS BEFORE THEY BLOW 'EM TO KINGDOM COME!



SO FOR TWENTY MINUTES, CREGAR WENT BACK AND FORTH IN THE WHY BLACKNESS, LOADING HUMAN CARGO AND DISCHARGING IT...



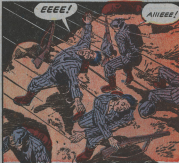
HURRY, CREGAR! SHE'S GOIN' TO BLOW ANY SECOND!

BUT THE SECONDS STRETCHED INTO MINUTES AND THE MINUTES INTO AN HOUR! THEN, SUDDENLY...



THERE SHE GOES! DUCK! THERE'LL BE A RAIN OF STONE COMIN' DOWN!

NOW COME THE REDS... ALL READY TO COUNT CORPSES! THAT'LL BE OUR PLEASURE!



THEY'RE LICKED, CREGAR... ALL BECAUSE OF ONE MAN! YOU! WE WERE WRONG ABOUT YOU, CREGAR!

I WAS WRONG ABOUT MYSELF! I GUESS THE TROUBLE WAS I KEPT WORRYING ONLY ABOUT MYSELF!



YOU GET COURAGE FOR EVERYTHING WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT OTHERS!

WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER, CREGAR, YOU'LL BE WALKIN' ON AIR IN EVERY CIRCUS TENT IN AMERICA! BUT YOU'LL NEVER BEAT THE PERFORMANCE YOU PUT ON TONIGHT! THOSE WILL ONLY TAKE SHILL! WHAT YOU DID TONIGHT, PAL... THAT TOOK GUTS!



YES, THE COWARD IN CREGAR DIED FOREVER... SO THE MAN MIGHT LIVE!

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